Scorning aduice; read the concluſion then:
Which read and not expounded, tis decreed,
As theſe before, thou thy ſelfe ſhalt bleed
*Dauph.* Of all ſayd yet, thou proue proſperous
Of all ſayd yet, I wiſh thee happineſſe.
*Per.* Like a bold Champion I aſſume the Liſtes,
Nor aſke aduice of any other thought,
But faithfullneſſe and courage.

*The Riddle.*

*I am no Viper, yet I feede*
*On mothers fleſh which did me breed:*
*I ſought a huſband, in which labour,*
*I found that kindneſſe in a father;*
*Hee's Father, Sonne and huſband milde,*
*I Mother, Wife, and yet his childe:*
*How they may be, and yet in two,*
*As you will liue reſolue it you*

Sharpe Phiſicke is the laſt: but ô you powers!
That giues heauen countleſſe eyes to view mens actes,
Why cloude they not their ſights perpetually,
If this be true, which makes me pale to read it?
Faire Glaſſe of light, I lou'd you and could ſtill,
Were not this glorious Casket ſtor'd with ill:
But I muſt tell you, now my thoughts reuolt,
For hee's no man on whom perfections waite,
That knowing ſinne within will touch the gate;
You are a faire Violl, and your ſence the ſtrings,
Who finger'd to make man his lawfull muſicke,
Would draw Heauen downe, & all the gods to hearken;
But being playd vpon before your time,
Hell onely dauncethat ſo harſh a chime:
Good ſooth, I care not for you.
*Ant.* Prince *Pericles*, touch not vpon thy life;
For thats an Article within our Law,
As dangerous as the reſt: your times expir'd,
Either expound now, or receiue your ſentence.

*Peri.*



*Peri.* Great King,
Few loue to heare the ſinnes they loue to act,
T'would brayd your ſelfe too neare for me to tell it:
Who has a booke of all that Monarches doe,
Hee's more ſecure to keepe it ſhut, then ſhewne:
For Vice repeated, is like the wandring winde,
Blowes duſt in others eyes to ſpread it ſelfe;
And yet the end of all is bought thus deare,
The breath is gone, and the ſore eyes ſee cleare:
To ſtoppe the Ayre would hurt them, the blind Mole caſt
Copt hilles toward heauen, to tell the earth is throng'd
By mans oppreſſion, and the poore worme doth dye for't
Kings are earths Gods: in vice their law's their will:
And if *Ioue* ſtray, who dares ſay, *Ioue* doth ill.
It is enough you know, and it is fit;
What being more knowne, growes worſe, to ſmother it.
All loue the wombe that their being bred,
Then giue my tongue like leaue to loue my head. (ning:
*Ant.* Heauen that I had thy; he ha's found the mea-
But I will gloze with him. Young Prince of *Tyre*,
Though by the tenour of your ſtrict edict,
Your expoſition miſiinterpreting,
We might proceede to counſell of your dayes;
Yet hope, ſucceeding from ſo faire a tree
As your faire ſelfe, doth tune vs otherwiſe;
Fourty dayes longer we doe reſpite you,
If by which time our ſecret be vndone,
This mercy ſhewes, wee le ioy in ſuch a Sonne:
And vntill then, your entertaine ſhall bee
As doth beſit our honour, and your worth.
*Manet Pericles ſolus.*
*Per.* How courteſie would ſeeme to couer ſinne,
When what is done is like an hypocrite,
The which is good in nothing but in ſight.
If it be true that I intrepret falſe,
Then were it certaine you were not ſo bad,
As with foule Inceſt to abuſe your ſoule:

Where

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